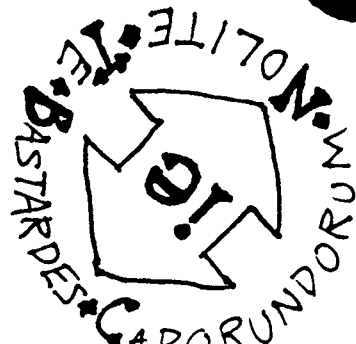


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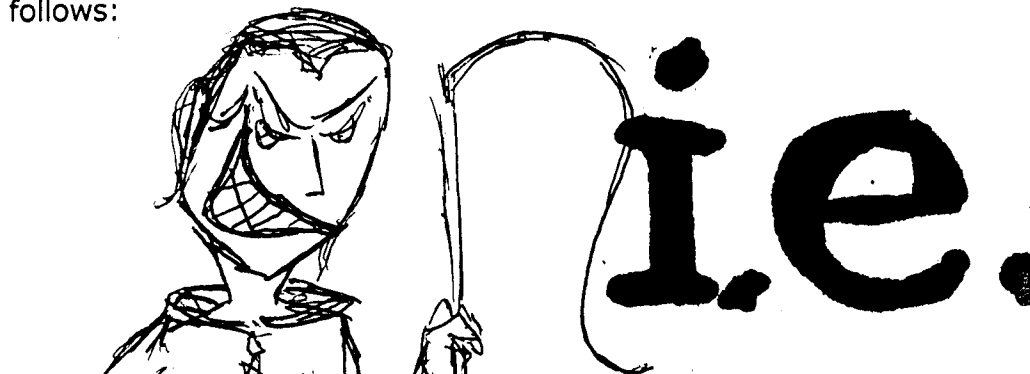



VOLUME 28, ISSUE 1

1987



Welcome everyone to a grand and glorious new year of ie. This issue was to be called the "We're not dead" issue, but as you can see our satirical talents were needed elsewhere. Which brings me to my point: this issue of ie would not have been possible without the contributions of many wonderful people who submitted their work. We here at ie are big on secrecy, so I would like to take this time to thank Jess, Matt, Quinn, Laura B., Ellen (who is incidentally VERY good at coming up with rhymes), Laura H., and Honor for all the help they gave in putting this issue together. Ever wondered if you could be a member of ie? Well, If you a) despise bureaucracy b) believe in the power of free speech c) have friends who think you're weird or d) suffer from anhedonia, then you're all set! Now all we need to have happen is for you to submit your materials (short stories, poems, art work, cartoons, etc.) to us, and we'll take care of the rest. Your options concerning submissions are as follows:



a) put it in the box (in Mr. Steffen's room by the door) b) email it to iebox@bigfoot.com or c) give it to me, or a member of the ie staph. Just in case you don't know what I look like, and handy artist has  drawn a sketch for your use. "Submit to me!" Hehehe. Well, that's about all for now. Keep the submissions coming and the mischief brewing.

~Jon, Editor-n-Chief of a tribe called ie~

IE PRESENTS:

Things That Are Shiny

mirrors with lights shinning on them~~ my car before birds shit on it~~ the heads of the male members of the science department~~ the puget sound as I head south on my way to school



~~ the sun when I leave my house once a day ~~ my nose on a bad day~~ my forehead on a good day (ed note: ???)~~ people in old age homes~~ recently licked spoons~~ the halls on the first day of school (and no other day)

A Conspiracy of Grass; An Amok Harvest

The history of having large areas of unproductive weeds covering perfectly good acreage dates back to post-medieval Europe. Of course, England and those other tribe-nations had made use of rolling grassland hills for millennia before that as grazing pasture for cattle, horses, sheep and other animals, like peasants. But it was during the rise of the Manor-Estates and the Aristocracy that the English first began to waste large open spaces that they called 'gardens', 'shrubbery', and, yes, 'lawns'. It was a status symbol whose message was as easy to see as it was despicable: "I'm rich enough to waste perfectly good land".

Americans today say the same thing with their lawns of **turpitude**.

The tradition was taken up by the profitable slave-owners of the American southern aristocracy as they tried to emulate, as much as was possible considering their status as Grade A rednecks, the inherited self-righteousness of the English gentry. The message remained the same, however, as the only difference was that the intended audience shifted from poor white men to poor black men.

With the rise of prosperous suburban America in the 1950's, Americans decided to copy the traditions of prosperity, namely, lawns. And so, all you lawn-mowing Americans out there, all you grass-disposes, all you suburban-wannabes, think about the seeds you're sowing.

The seeds of social injustice, of class warfare, of inhuman cruelty. Not only are you, in effect, a Commi-Nazi, but you are also growing an allergenic crop, an amok harvest. No chemical warfare agent has ever caused as much suffering as grass. From personal experience, I can honestly say that I've never seen a man drop more pills than my dad when he is going out to mow the lawn during 'allergy season' (which is the time from may to September when the lawn grows). Direct contact (albeit sans clothing) with grass reveals its other, sinister, lurking properties. It contains toxins that make your skin itch.

And to add insult to injury, while people are starving, we are complacently growing this amok harvest, a crop which we must cut every week, and whose product we either throw away in our trash, or compost where ever we have the room. Truly, is not grass the Great Satan?



27th October

Monday

PLAN FOR WEEK:

finish essay
volunteer @ homeless shelter
seduce boy ✓

* attack boy

Tuesday

Go to cross-country meet

Mom's birthday
guitar payment due

Wednesday

send self flowers

soccer game
sleep

Thursday

→ buy mom birthday present

Harry Nilsson Concert
* seduce boy "

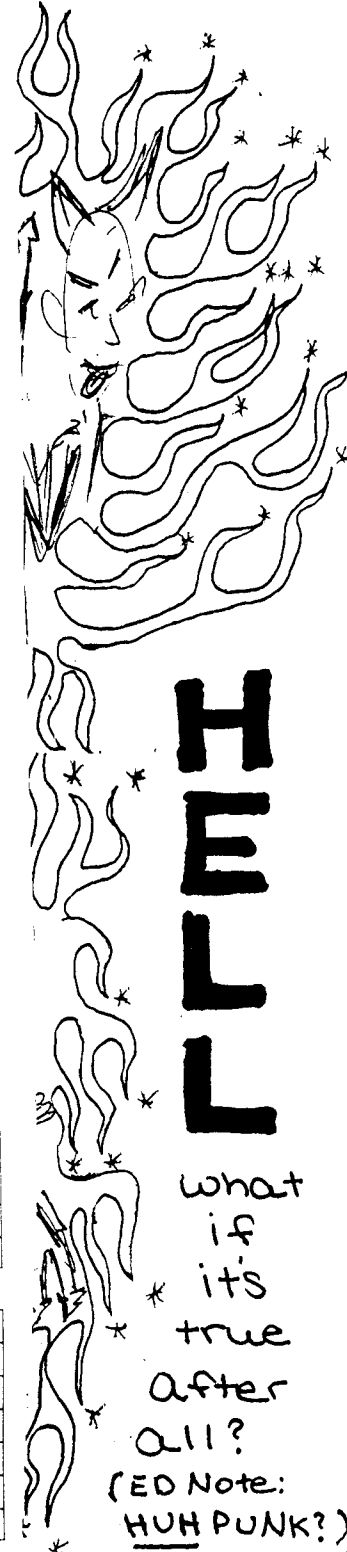
Friday

mus-see TV
essay due

Saturday

finish essay
* crush boy's soul

Carlson 4 Governor
Meeting - 3:45



what
if
it's
true
after
all?
(ED Note:
HUPUNK?)

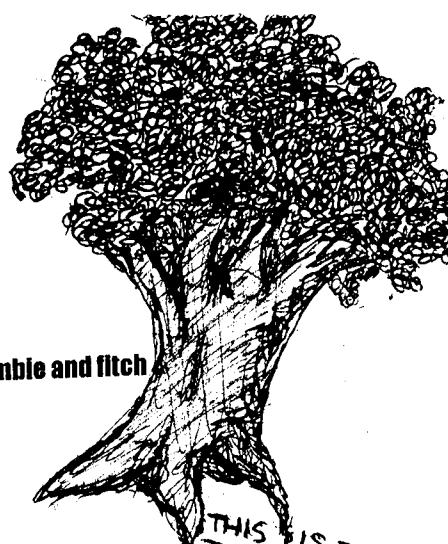
IE Presents:

Things That Rhyme With Kitsch

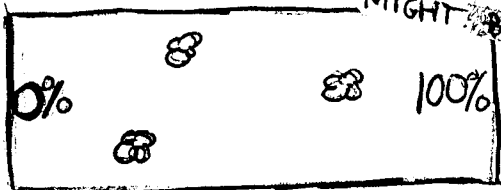
dirty rotten snitch
über blitch
obvious sales pitch
what an evil witch
seven year itch
antique sand witch
my car in a ditch
wanna be rich
security guard mitch
kitchy kitchy ya ya da da

lichen pronounced wrong
goes off without a hitch
who knows which
slimy cafeteria fish
sporadic eye twitch
blown out light switch
horrific scheduling glitch
demonic girls at abercrombie and fitch

Ivan denisovich
maria petrovich



THIS IS THE
TIME WHEN
EVERYTHING
SLOWS DOWN
AND YOU THINK
YOU CAN RUN, BUT
MIGHT BE ALRIGHT.



Another Carefree®
Package down the drain...
as this teacher flings
gum at a wall to
grade this week's
essays...



The Secret to
I.B. TEACHERS'
GRADING METHODS.



The Rant of an IB Junior

English. There are two options, really: be amused, or scream. Screaming is the preferable choice, but I think I'll attempt amusement. We're outside. It's cold. And Mrs. Baldrye is talking. Am I paying attention? Of course not. Blah. Blah, blah, blah. How delightful this is. It looks like I'm taking notes, but instead I'm engaged in a dialogue with myself. Hello, Self. Enjoying English? Oh, certainly. There's nothing I like more than an hour of literary destruction and bullshit. It's cold. Blah. Blah, blah, blah. Let's find something symbolic about this situation, shall we? The coldness is representative of my frigid feelings towards English. It surrounds me and causes me to shiver, just as this class surrounds me and causes me to shake... with frustration and ire. The sun is shining in spite of the cold. This indicates that the more pleasant aspects of English are ineffective at combating the angst that makes up the very soul of the class. Blah. Blah, blah, blah. Ooohh... a delicious tidbit of symbolism. Mrs. Baldrye's outfit is black. Black is symbolic of evil and darkness. *This* indicates that she is the mistress of our torture. And her necklace-it appears to be made of small stones. These are the stones of our agony: random, irrelevant, nonsensical.

"Nothing is strictly as it seems," she says. Why not? Why can't things be? Just be. Must literature, words, poetry, the fabric of life itself be analyzed, picked apart, chewed up, digested, and vomited out?! Listen, Mrs. Baldrye, and listen well-it's just dandelions. Some things just are. Metaphor exists, certainly, but it's a minor part of existence. Take my socks, for example. One is olive green, the other is purple. One could analyze the meaning of these colors-the natural, everyday qualities of the green, and the royal undertones of the purple. One might question what they say about me and how I see myself. And the contrast-does that say that I have a split personality? And why am I wearing two differently colored socks? Does that indicate confusion? Uncertainty? Discord? Chaos?! What do my socks mean?! Because nothing is strictly as it seems... Let me enlighten you, you overly analytical fools. I woke up this morning, grabbed two socks out of my dresser, and put them on my feet. *That's* what they mean. They're just dandelions... just dandelions...

~Nary a Quince

ED Note:
Thank to this
Article's unknown
Source.

Fortune Cookies for the Pessimistic

Terrorist Nation/Communist Dictatorship Business Education Governmental Professional/Leadership Development

• The college you want doesn't want you.

It is a good thing.

Name _____ Country(s) _____

Class(es) _____ Semester _____ Points Earned _____

Participating in leadership activities is an important part of Business Education. The more you participate, the more leadership points factor in your grade each semester, it is important that you make an effort. Total points earned will be part of your leadership grade.

GRADING SCALE: 100+ points = A
90 points = B

Pay dues and join any terrorist nation leadership organization—show receipt (10 pts)	—	Make a sign or poster promoting communist party (2 pts)	80 points = C
Attend a Regional Conference (7pts)	—	Saturate Western city with communist fliers (5 pts per city — Max 25 pts)	70 points = D
Attend a State Leadership Conference (7 pts)	—	Assist a country with silencing of press (5 pts)	
Attend underground nuclear secrets conference (1 pt each)	—	Assist with other country's nuclear program (10 pts per country — Max 30 pts)	
Hold an office in any fascist, communist, or other similar government (7 pts)	—	Participate in war games — provide documentation (2 pts per week — Max 24 pts)	
Participate in illegal arms fund raiser (points will vary)	—	Attend war games — provide documentation (2 pts per week — Max 24 pts)	
Participation in suppression of food drives (1 pt per metric ton— Max 25 pts)	—		

• Your odor has slightly improved.

• You will die sooner than you expect.

• You will choke on your next fortune cookie.

Arrange for a guest speaker in a military class (7 pts)	—
Participate in communist infiltration tutoring program (5 pts each country infiltration— Max 25 pts)	—
Visit a U.N. nuclear weapon site (5 pts per secret document — Max 25 pts)	—
Visit a country that has a career field that interests you, interview a dictator or general, and write an evaluation of this experience (7 pts)	—
Wear military attire on "dress up" day (2 pts each day — Max 32 pts)	—
Wear appropriate attire on "other" dress days i.e. Invasion Week (2 pts each day — Max 20 pts)	—

Per three months on the job — Time newspaper columns necessary (2 pts per week — Max 30 pts)
Develop new strain of anthrax (20 pts)
Publically support terrorist nation (5 pts per month — Max 30 pts)

Attend an illegal arms expo, formal, or casual — provide documentation (2 pts each — Max 10 pts)

Buy weapons at arms expo (1 pts each — Max 50 pts)

No convictions of war crimes (20 pts per year)
Host terrorist nation conference (10 pts)
Attack buildings/states/countries for yourself or others outside of contractual obligations.
Newspaper articles must be presented (3 pts per target — Max 15 pts)

Design smaller nuclear bomb (20 pts)
Perfect attendance in office — except for excused espionage-related absences (10 pts per year)
Sign up parents for rocket Booster Club (10 pts)
Dust missile command center computer tables and clean screens (3 pts — Max 15 pts)
Dust Western city with radioactive ash (30 pts)
Other _____

Design and put up a missile defense system (30 pts — Max 1)	—
Write sequel to Communist Manifesto — teacher approval (10 pts)	—
Visit a post-occupation country and submit a written report (7 pts)	—
Write a one-page summary of a U.S. military weapon program — article must be turned in with pictures (5 pts)	—

• Today will suck slightly less than tomorrow, but a whole lot more than yesterday.

I Love Calculus

• You may manage an effort, but ultimately you will fail.

English Class Self-portrait 6/19/00
Don't worry, we have even less faith in you.

HELP!

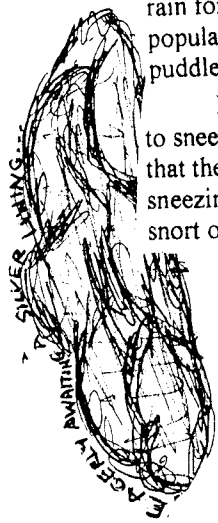
ED Note: Si j'avais reçu les soumission en français, j'aurais publié les soumissions

IE PRESENTS:

Things That Really Suck ASS
(Formerly the bitch column)

When certain teachers waste my time in class. That's time I could be wasting!
conjugating the preterit tense
zero hour
people who use the word bourgeois excessively
witnessing the mecca of sportness in Kansas
Montana
when it gets to cold to wear sandals
the phrase "what does it mean" as a critical thinking tool
existential angst
corruption
taxes
texas
GWB
spelling your own name wrong and not noticing for over six years
the way countries are called different things in different languages

The Beach Boys
being thwarted by a metaphysic puzzle
being unoriginal
pretensions
isms and schisms
pottery kilns
being epistemologically trapped
unanswered phone calls
the bitter last sip of coffee that comes when there are grinds in the bottom
people who ignore child labor laws
Tom Petty: Free Falling

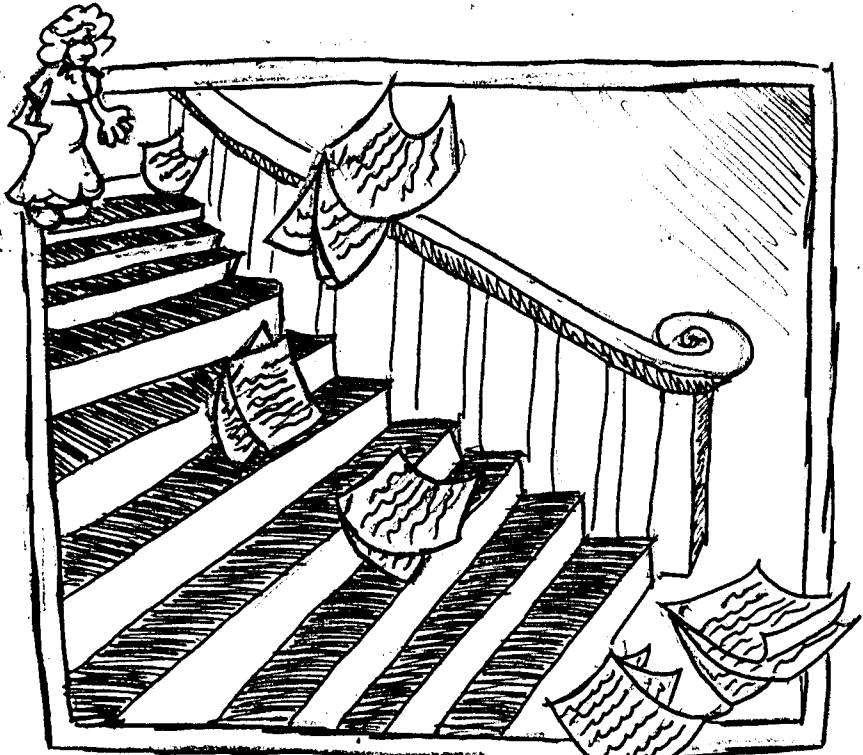


IE TRIVIA, FACTS, AND INFORMATION

Apparently a small green tree frog that lives in parts of South American rain forests has no natural predators. However, they are in no danger of overpopulation, as after fertilizing the female frog, the males head for the nearest puddle or stream and drown themselves. Scientists haven't figured out why.

In some parts of central Asia, it is considered a sign of weakness in a man to sneeze. So many men will place small balls of wax or cloth in their nostrils so that they do not inhale anything that will make them sneeze. It seems that sneezing in women is considered dainty and feminine, as long as they do not snort or sneeze too loudly.

*If you are lucky enough to find a door,
you would surely know that
yours is not the only door.*



*Tossing papers down the stairs.
The ones at the bottom are the
heaviest - the most written, right?
Those DESERVE the best grades!*

* You will receive an unexpected visit from the school authorities.

* One day you will wake up and realize that your life is a sham.

Several chalk manufacturers showed remarkable foresight when they tried to stop the awarding of patents to the inventors of the white board. The chalk manufacturers claimed the white board, which became the class-room replacement of the chalk board, or black board, was a health hazard because of the powder that was created when white-board markers were erased. Their lawsuit never reached court.



*The miracle is not to walk on water.
The miracle is to walk on the green earth,
dwelling deeply in the present moment
and feeling truly alive.*

HELL or FARMER?

It's time
for another
exciting addition
of...

ENTER



SQUEAL FOR YOUR SUPPER!

would you rather
pet a bunny or
eat a bunny?

would you rather eat
cow or lettuce?

Cow

lettuce

How do you
feel about the
word 'exsanguinate'?

attracted

neutral

Do you fantasize about
tractors wearing leather
boots?

all the time

occasionally

Do you like to watch
army men eating
corn?

yup

nope

Do you like
to watch?
only on Tuesdays

no

Do you like
parallel lines?

No, but I like blondes

Indeed
I do

ARE YOU
GOD?

of course

are you?

yeah

No, not really

are you
Satan?

Him too

no

are you
Breathing?

yes

no

are you
alive?

yes

no

are you
dead,
or in
the
process
of dying?

yes no

well
then

Congratulations! You are
perfectly suited to be
a

FARMER!

It's ok, really.
Not everyone
understands
the ways of
the Lord. Better
luck next
life!

Welcome to

HELL!

mime

Trapped. Fighting futilely,
 Crying, screaming for release
 From an invisible prison.
 Onlookers point, laugh.
 Cruelly oblivious
 To the agonized struggle,
 Finding sport and fun
 Within the pain of others
 Crouching, smaller, smaller
 Losing hope of any escape
 No hand reaches out to help
 None try to break through
 The invisible barriers
 No. Just watch, grin, laugh
 The prison shrinks
 Shutting out air
 Shutting out light
 Extinguishing Life
 Beyond, They still laugh.



Smoke

Smoke in the the sun
 can be oh so fun
 you run

the smoke drifting from weed
 and not smoke from a tree
 It wanders seamlessly
 edding and glancing off of
 thee

currents of warm air are still
 the smoke light grey; ill
 Slow to move and easy to follow
 it seeps within the deepest lung

the world is here yet not and the
 smoke wanders on
 through the sun light in the morning,
 ate afternoon and on till dawn

Sicknixon69@hotmail.com --IRON JOCKEY



THE IE POETRY PAGE

(a few selections from a copious
 amount of submitted poetry)

The Thin Line Between Fear and Pain

Tip toes falling	From open lips
Lonely calling	Caustic words slip
Lingering light	And to your chin
Still is stalling	Beads of sweat drip
Tread the wire	Seeing the fault
Of desire	Words quickly halt
Pain and passion	Now the silence
Fuel the fire	To wound adds salt
Rhythmic beating	None made amends
Still repeating	Now you pretend
Feel it pulsing	That you don't see
And entreating	Tears of this friend

-ALKAT

I LIKE A GIRL

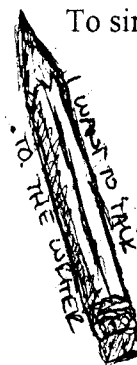
I LIKE A GIRL WHO LIKES IT WHEN I HOLD DOORS
 OPEN FOR HER
 WHO THANKS ME WHEN I PULL OUT HER CHAIR
 WHO DOESN'T MIND WHEN I PAY FOR DINNER
 I LIKE A GIRL WHO DOESN'T DO THE DISHES
 WHO DOESN'T WANT TO HAVE KIDS RIGHT AWAY
 WHO CAN'T COOK WORTH SHIT
 I LIKE A GIRL WHO KNOWS WHO SHE IS
 WHO CAN DO STUFF BY HERSELF WHEN I'M NOT
 FREE TO GO OUT
 WHO DOESN'T EXPECT ME TO SHAVE ALL THE TIME
 I LIKE A GIRL WHO ISN'T AFRAID TO BE ALONE
 WHO LIKES TO CURL UP IN MY ARMS
 WHO DOESN'T MIND MY ROMANTIC SIDE
 I LIKE A GIRL WHO LIKES ME.



Oh, Crocodile of the Nile
 How pretty are your scissors
 That snip and prune to lively tunes
 As into Night, Day withers

See flamingos teach their lingoos
 Don't ignore their yearning
 Your sullen eyes cannot disguise
 The fire in you burning

Then dance all night bathed in moonlight
 Don't wait until tomorrow
 To sing your song or say you're wrong
 Or let go of your sorrow



I Am A Girl

I am a girl who likes to have doors held open for her
 I'd thank you when you'd pull out my chair
 I wouldn't mind if you paid for dinner
 I am a girl who doesn't do dishes
 I don't want kids right away
 I can't cook worth shit
 I am a girl who knows who I am
 I can do stuff by myself when you're not free to go out
 I wouldn't expect you to shave all the time
 I am a girl who isn't afraid to be alone
 I'd like to curl up in your arms
 I wouldn't mind your romantic side
 I am a girl who likes you.

♡ -- Future Mrs. Iron Jockey ♡

Rational Existence Tumbling
 Entering Nothingness.
 Dead Inside
 Narcissistic Guises.
 Twirling Onwards,
 Beyond Eternity.
 Onwards,
 Beyond Life.
 Insanity.
 Velocity Increases.
 Over,
 Under,
 Straight Through
 Obstacles.
 Pursuing An Insane
 Nightmare.



GRAPHING
 CALCULATOR HAIKUS
 BY CLEVER PSEUDONYM
 (AND HER SEXY MALE
 MUSE)

MATH IN THE MORNIN'
 I THINK MY TIME IS
 WASTED
 I WANT TO SLEEP NO

IN CHEMISTRY LAB
 HOT HANDS ARE A
 SAFETY TOOL
 I LIKE CHEMISTRY

I admit I didn't do anything spectacular (except to sleep, and how spectacular is that, huh?) this New Year's, but I know this much: New Year's Day 1900, er, 2000, is going to remain with me forever.

Dinner was at Angel's Thai Cuisine, a relaxed, pastel-y joint on Capitol Hill that had probably seen too much Feng Shui (think: mirrors). We leave by a side entrance and wait in the chill of the new century for the rest of our party of eight. Couples pass us (parents, one family friend, and myself) arm in arm, skirting disgustedly around a pair of seedy-looking guys. I see them coming at a slow stumble up the hill and feel the slightest twinge of fear.

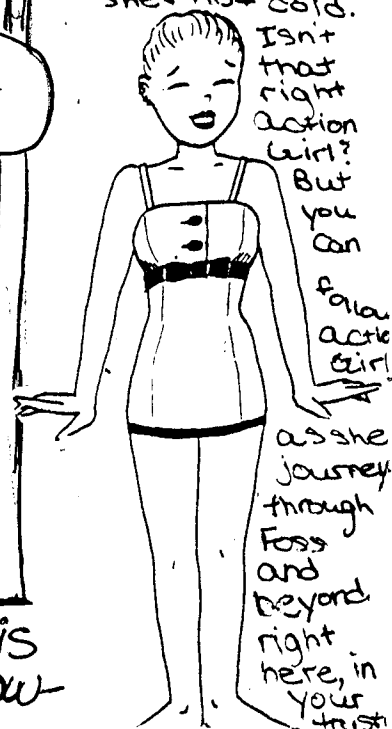
My father assumes his alpha-male stance, sending out signals that say we should all avert our eyes from this spectacle. I don't trust his judgment, I am interested. The closer the two men come, I can begin to make out dark matted hair under old hats. They mumble to each other and belligerently declare, "Happy New Year!" to everyone who chances to pass them. They each have skin the shade of cinnamon and deep, dark eyes, so I guess they are Native Americans. I also guess at least one of them is drunk.

Dad doesn't approve. I can tell by the way he stands with authority, on guard; not letting himself become involved with their lives, open up to them. He is thinking, "They are dangerous. Ignore them and they will disappear." Magic.



Meet:
ACTION GIRL

Right now, Action Girl is pretending she's not cold.



Consulting this new-fangled "thermometer" for percentages. Where do they get these things?



I do not believe in this. I will not be prey to ignorance. I make a choice and open up. One of the less drunk of the two says to me, "Happy New Year," and extends a gloved hand. I shake it and return his greeting. Small acts of defiance. This man has just pulled the plug and fear flows from my body like water drains from a tub.

The two men proceed to shake hands with the three reluctant adults surrounding me protectively. Their hands emerge from their pockets, but they are less than enthusiastic. I see my father as the grand and disapproving Great White Chief in Washington D.C. The other man, the one who hasn't shaken hands with me is striking up a conversation with our friend. Through half-closed eyes and bad teeth, he relates, "I'm from Montana...I'm Blackfeet." Hmm... Native American, I was right.

Says our friend, "Oh, Eastern Montana?"

The Blackfeet man replies, "Naw, man...Northwest. Y'know where Glacier National Park is? My friend says yes, he does. "Well, I lived on the Blackfeet rez near Glacier."

Then this friend says, "Oh yeah, Montana's a beautiful state." State? State!! Sure that area where the Blackfeet live, shrunk to government sanctioned reservation size, is in a beautiful place; now a state called Montana, but really did he have to insist on adding insult to injury upon injury by calling it a state? A harsh reminder of the power mad white man and his thirst for all-enveloping Manifest Destiny.

If he had spoken to me instead, I would have listened attentively. This is somewhat how I imagine our conversation would have gone:

Blackfeet: Happy New Year.

Me: Thanks, Happy New Year to you, too.

B: Hey, I'm from Montana...I'm Blackfeet.

M: That's really cool. Northwest Montana, right?

B: Yeah, by Glacier National Park.

M: I know, I went there last summer. It's a beautiful place...

and so on. Of course, unless I see him again and he remembers, this conversation will probably never take place. My mind drifts back to the present. The Blackfeet man is saying "Maybe someday I go back to the rez."

HUMANS

Anarchy Boy,
anarchy_Boy_Lives@hotmail.com

This "essay" you may not want to read if you are content with your existence and feel that you do your part for Mother Nature. We believe that just because we recycle aluminum and glass and paper that we are doing good acts for the world. Well, it's time to connect you with reality.

The little recycling that you do is nothing compared to what you throw away. Next time you put something in the trash, think about how long it will take that article to decompose and infuse with nature. Sure it will decompose, but your great grandchildren will be long dead before that happens.

Human beings are, by nature, are the evildest of all creatures. Humans have been destroying the planet ever since they announced their rule of this planet. The human race has used technology to corrupt the planet and destroy nature as best that they can to keep themselves at the top of the food chain.

Humans are actually, contrary to popular belief, a very inferior species. Tooth and claw against other animals, we hold the rating of a field rabbit. Even Billy goats are better survivors compared to people. This is in part because people in this day and age depend on others for their survival. Consider this; do you harvest the wheat in your home made bread? Do you even make your own bread? Most likely, your answer was no. People don't have self-reliance skills because it is not a high priority for survival. If people didn't depend on others, then there would be no government, no society, and ultimately, no weak or inferior humans or none at all.

This is now an irreversible problem because there is no possible way to be self sustained in the cities because there is no life there. There are also too many people for all to find sufficient sustenance. The only answer is cannibalism, but we will probably stick with the system we have now because it is "immoral" to kill other humans, making it illegal. Of course, all other forms of life are fair game. Sounds like self-appointed ruler bull **** to me. Here is some food for thought; decide to yourself what makes a human a human. I came up with the seven deadly sins. They are what make us special. Greed, for example is one of these sins. Nature is destroyed for money. Human nature is to want more money and power, and don't deny it because you are only lying to yourself. Therefore, by using the theory of transitivity, human nature is to destroy.

* You will never be a child prodigy.



* There is a high probability you will go through a nasty divorce in your lifetime.

DIE KLEINE ZIEGE DIE KONNTE

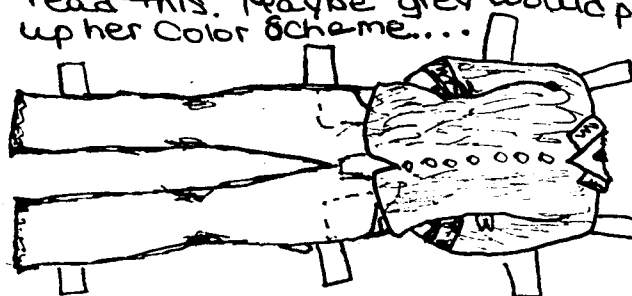
Einmal, da war eine kleine Ziege, die lebte in einem großen Wald. Sie hatte einen Korral, aber sie war sehr einsam. Jeden Tag, paßte die Ziege, genannt Trichtchen, die kleinen Vögel auf, und sie wünschte, daß sie fliegen könnte. Unglücklicher, lebte sie in das Schloß eines großen, gemeinen Riesen. Sie verstehen, unsere Ziege war eine besondere Ziege. Ihre Exkremente waren golden, und der gierige Riese duldte nicht daß sie ging. Dafür, Trichtchen war gelandweilt, aber am meisten traurig.

Viele Tage gingen vorbei, und sie wünschte sich alles, und so weiter, aber keine Sachen passierten. Während einer kalten, klaren Nacht, in der Mitte des Sommers als sie sehr traurig war, sah sie eine Sternschnuppe. Sie dachte, >> Ich kann zu den Stern wünschen, also ich gehen kann! << Die Ziege wünschte und wünschte mit aller ihrer Stärke. Nichts passierte, und sie konnte nicht mehr wünschen. Sie versuchte zu schlafen, aber konnte nicht. Geschlagen, weinte sie. Plötzlich, da war ein kleiner Stern aus dem Himmel gekommen. Er kam sehr nahe, und Trichtchen war natürlich sehr überrascht! Sie sah daß, sie eine Fee war. Die Feelein sagte, >> Du mußt wie die Sperlinge und die Eichhörnchen fliegen. Hier, nimm diese rubinroten Hausschuhe. Wenn man seinen Hacken zusammenschlägt, man bekommt Antischwerkraftliche Ziegenfunken daß dich fliegen macht. << Trichtchen dankte der Fee, und sie trennten sich. >> Ich kann jetzt gehen! << sagte Trichtchen, >> Aber hat nicht der Riese mein Gold? <<

Im dunklen Schloß schlief der Riese als Trichtchen sehr ruhig in das Zimmer kam. Sie wusste daß die Goldmünzen, macht mit ihren Exkremente, neben dem Bett des Riesen waren, auch daß sie sehr schwer waren. Gerade, erinnerte sie sich an die Wörter der Fee, >> Antischwerkraftliche Ziegenfunken... << Sie könnte die Funken zu fliegen verwenden! Also, schlug sie die Hacken zusammen, und sagte, >> FLIEGT! << Plötzlich, sind den schweren Münzen geflogen! >> Ach... der Zauber arbeitet! << schrie sie. Sie war ein bißchen laut, und der Riese hörte ihr. Er raschelte in seinem Bett, und Trichtchen verlor ihre Aufmerksamkeit und Kontrolle über die Münzen. Den grosse Lärm machte der Riese aufstanden. Er sah Trichtchen, und er zehrte sein Bettuch aus. >> Mein Gold! Mein Gold! Ach du meine Ziege! << Er verwendete das Bettuch als eine Klappe wäre, während der Trichtchen flog etwa, wie eine Fliege. Sie fand die Tür des Zimmers, und flog durch das lange Korridor, zur Haustür. Aber sie war zugemacht! Was jetzt? Trichtchen erinnerte sich an die Macht des Heiligen Ziegenzaubers! Sie rief die glorreichen Ziegenblitzen an und sagte, >> MACH DIE TÜR EXPLODIEREN! << Unmittelbar, stieß sie eine Flut von Glühblitzen, und die große Tür explodierte. Der Riese flog einen Hundert Fußten über dem Flur, und traf den Wand.

Trichtchen war frei, aber sie verlor alles ihre Gold. Dafür, sie war viele Tage sehr traurig. Sie hatte nichts. Ein Tag, besuchte Trichtchen die Fee. Sie sah, daß Trichtchen traurig war, un natürlich, fragte warum. Trichtchen antwortete, >> Ich bin jetzt arm, und ich weiß nicht, was ich tun soll. Ich habe rubinrote Hausschuhe, aber sie machen kein Gold. << Die Fee hatte eine Antwort, >> Trichtchen, haßt du vergessen? Deine Exkremente! Sind sie noch nicht golden? Du bist reich! << Die Fee war richtig, sie war reich! Sehr reich. Trichtchen erinnerte sich an den gierigen Riese, und entschiede daß sie ihre Reichtum aufteilen werde. Für die Reste ihrer Leben, sie besuchte arme Leute, und gab ihnen ihre Exkremente.

Action girl is in touch with her dark side. Clouds are gathering over your head as you read this. Maybe grey would perk up her Color Scheme....



first, style second. Don't let the brand names fool you...

Goes To Foss
The adventures of
Action Girl Continue
as are +ackieshaw!
High Speed
ok, so owned
never as
a pair of boots.
couldn't some
one at odds
once. Count
that



"daddy-o!"
is beat. She
is so beat. She
bongs a-fabor
of the inn

DO YOU CURSE WHERE YOU COME FROM?

eye
Those Essent
Beat Poem

(Continued)

Av...

The Saddest Limerick Ever
(Dedicated to Mr. Cairns)

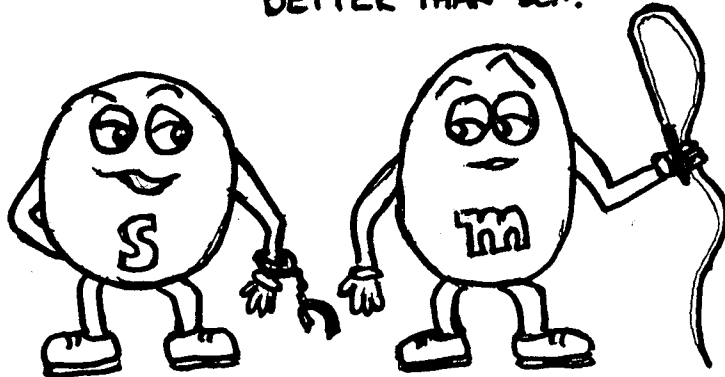
There once was a girl with gangrene
Who could not be a happy teen.
She went to the doctor
But he simply mocked her
and lowered her self-esteem.



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-Clever Pseudonym*
(and her sexy male muse)

*DISCLAIMER: I BLAME MY CORRUPTION ON TV, POPS, & KEN STREIB

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TOUCH MY SOUL: I'M YOURS
GENERIC, MILDLY REPULSIVE BOY
WITH BAD HAIR SEEKS REASONABLY
FEMININE GIRL WITH PULSE.

/// PLEASE HELP! ///

BUILDING MODEST EMPIRE
DIPPY, BOISTEROUS FEMINISTA
SEEKS INDECISIVE, VAGUELY
PRETENTIOUS BOY OF INAPPROPRIATE
AGE AND STATURE. ♥♥♥♥♥

EPIPHANY
HANDSOME, BRILLIANT
PHILANTHROPIST SEEKS MIRROR.

PULL MY FINGER...
SELF-IMPORTANT, SNOTTY LITTLE GIRL
SEEKS JEWISH SINGING COWBOY W/ CAR.
OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 24, 2006. 📅

♥ HUMMINGBIRD SEEKS MATE ♥
OVERLY SENSITIVE, THOROUGHLY
CONFUSED OPTIMIST SEEKS OBEDIENT,
ABLE TO COMMUNICATE BOY WITH CLEAN
TEETH.

RECLUSE BY CHOICE
MEDUSA-LIKE FEMALE WITH BAD TASTE IN
SOCKS SEEKS EQUALLY HOMELY MALE TO BE
SYSTEMATICALLY IGNORED IN THE PRESENCE
OF ANY BOOK. 📖

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
GROUCHY, DISSATISFIED INDIVIDUALIST
SEEKS BLIND MUTE. INTELLIGENCE OF A GNAT
REQUIRED.

EMPTY-BED BLUES
CLINGY NARCISSISTIC WAIF-TYPE SEEKS
DOPEY YOUNGER GUY. MUST BE ABLE TO
HANDLE REJECTION AND ATTEND ALL IE
MEETINGS FOR US BOTH. ▶▶▶▶▶

It's funny, even when someone is blind-drunk and wobbling, they can always remember their way back home, regardless of where they make it.

I have this overwhelming desire to talk with him, but his attention is elsewhere. I would like to talk with him and not run away, unlike my friend who looks as if his one wish right now would be to have fully functional, jet-powered shoes on. I do not. I cannot. I am not like that. Here I stand with my white arms wide open, all accepting. I cannot say no.

Doubtless, I will dream of these two. In my dreams we will talk on street corners of beautiful lands unnamed and unbound by state lines. I will be guided and my fear will disappear. Magic.

As well as permeating my dreams, these men have given me an important lesson. They have shown me to listen intently to anyone and everyone who needs to be heard. Open up and never deny anybody your audience, no matter if their problems are real or imagined. Some people have so much burning inside of them. Never be stingy with your love.

Listen, and you will hear pain and anger,
Listen, and you will hear joy,
Listen, and you will hear tears and laughter,
Listen, and you will hear the wind singing to you the way back home.

~dark scarlet heart

* The popular people are laughing at you this very moment.

EDNote: 1:15 AM... Finally Done!

[illegible]

“...might well be required read with names like American Studies.”

TIME MAGAZINE

The
Imp

Makes fine linen
by day, torments
young under-grads
By Night, and
second only to
Martha Stewart...



ALOKAT 67

" IE is a groove and
a gas. Everyone should
send them money and
other fine things. Hats
off to IE!"
-Terry Southern

respecting an establishment of religion,
people to peaceably assemble and petition
governments verbally, symbolically, and in writ-
ing, you know whose you did not get this
restraining an establishment of religion